

1162
S O N G S,

POLITICAL, SATYRICAL AND
CONVIVIAL,

DEDICATED TO

THE LAUGHTER LOVING GODDESS

V E S T I N A;

CALCULATED TO

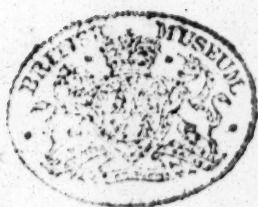
INSPIRE MIRTH AND SET THE FESTIVE TABLE
ON A ROAR.

BY JOHN DEVONSHIRE.

London,

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

M,DCC,CXV.



S O N G S, &c.
C O N S O L A T I O N.

AIR—The MERRY SAILOR.

HOW happy the life of man passes,
If posses'd of good * toggs, and address;
No use, if much wealth he amasses;
To eat and to drink all will press.
When rigg'd fore and aft, in good style,
Debonnair, through the crowd as they glide,
Rich and proud will salute with a smile,
And the fair sex will ogle beside.

C H O R U S.

Then ne'er let us wrangle for riches;
Like *life*, to our frames 'tis but lent.
Let misers hoard' pelf till life ceases,
Sound hearts will insure us content.

Then change but the scene, and dispense,
For a while, to shake hands with distress;
Tho' stamp'd with much learning and sense,
Like contagion you're shun'd and detest.
From which I this inference will draw,
That taylors and barbers make men;
Out of † twigg you've neither judgment or law,
And your old friends your face will not ken.

* A phrase much used in this Town for good cloaths.

† To be out at elbows, and otherwise ragged. A practise amongst well dressed sharps; after having committed some act of depredation, they put on a ragged coat, &c. to avoid detection, which they call being out of Twigg.

CHORUS.

Such not envy or wrangle for riches;
 Like *life*, to our frames 'tis but lent,
 Let misers hoard pelf till life ceases,
 Sound hearts will insure us content.

AMUSEMENTS AT PARIS,

TUNE—DERRY DOWN.

ASSEMBLED at Paris the King-killing crew,
 As they sat in debate, nought but murder in view,
Dumourier bellow'd forth, from the subject digressing,
 I'll set you a stake, my boys, worth your possessing.

Our invincible legions no longer will boast,
 And but wait a fair wind to set sail from our coast;
 To *Holland* and *England* they're destin'd to go,
 Where they'll soon have the honour to conquer, you
 know,

In *Holland* I mean first to dine and to sup,
 By the snitch * catch the *Stadtholder* when o'er my
 cups,
 Then to *England* I'll steer, flush'd with glory and
 wealth,
 To bore the roast beef and to pocket the pelf,

I've order'd my legions in *London* to wait,
 Till possess'd of *Northumberland's* princely estate,
 His palace, with all his adornments so grand,
 Where I mean to reside whilst I stay in that land.

* By the nose.

This beautiful mansion, dear *Pethion*, I've chose,
 To stake against any one you may propose—
 'Tis done, quoth arch *Pethion*, I like your design,
 And stake *Bedford's* for that, when I'm there 't shall
 be mine.

Each stake was approv'd, away flew the dice,
Dumourier, who bluster'd, was beat in a trice.
 Enrag'd to be foil'd thus, he set up another,
 And *Burlington House* strait was won by his brother.

Robespierre now stak'd that which belongs to our Queen,
 But it was rejected, as being too mean:
Saint James's was mention'd, but *Tom Paine* reply'd,
 'Tis fit for a beggar, but no one beside.

Dumourier now set up the *Mayor's House* in the city;
 When *Tom Paine*, who was fam'd 'bove the rest to be
 witty,
 Cry'd out, 'tis unfit for a person of rank;
 A fig for your dungeon, here goes for the Bank,

Now this stak'd the Tower, that the House of Excise,
 To which with a laugh fly *Pethion* replies,
 Your Excise you may stake if you please, my dear
 blade,
 But 'tis not worth a fart in a land without trade,

This none disapprov'd, nay they own'd it was witty,
 And strait turn'd their game to the court from the city;
 Where *Dumourier* play'd high, for he lost at one throw
 The whole scite of *Pall Mall*, besides *Cleveland Row*,

Thus every fair mansion that stands near our Court,
 With the names of their owners, afforded them sport;
 But let me what first I propos'd put in rhyme,
 How this King-killing legion abuse the dull time,

So high ran debates, they had gone by the ears,
 But that instant came in a lean pair of couriers,
 Declaring that *Britain*, with *hearts* truly *loyal*,
 Were equip'd on the seas to protect the *blood Royal*.

May these Taylors and Barbers, Staymakers and Snobs,
 Be food for fierce *Cerberus*, the triple-headed dog:
 May the *Lion* of *Britain* these bloodhounds soon quell,
 And drive the *Convention* to the confines of hell.
 Derry down, &c.

CHARLOTTE DILLON,

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.

TUNE—VICAR OF BRAY.

IN Charlotte * Dillon's merry days,
 To get drunk she thought no harm in't;
 Attach'd to whores, by them made gay,
 By whores she got preferment.
 To fleece her guests long time had us'd,
 Sure the devil her anointed,
 And those she damn'd who did refuse
 The liquor she appointed.

CHORUS.

'Tis true, I swear, she lov'd strong bub,
 I have oft heard many say, Sir,
 Of brandy, rum, of gin and shrub,
 She'd drink a gallon a day, Sir.

* Dillon lived at the Blakeney's Head, an infamous brothel in Bow-street, next door to Sir John Fielding's.

Disturb'd was Justice * John full oft,
 With threats he had shook her dome, Sirs,
 But finding Dillon's heart grow soft,
 His rage to lust was grown, Sirs.
 One morning, full of rich Tokay,
 As jogging snug home to bed, Sir,
 The check string pull'd, with—Stop, John, stay,
 To Dillon I will be led, Sir.

CHORUS.

And this is true, I will maintain
 Until my dying day, Sir,
 That Justice John could not refrain,
 With Dillon would sport and play, Sir.

Then Will † the tippling Justice came,
 A Bacchanalian true, Sir,
 With Bardolf nose, red as a flame,
 Let us give muzzy Will his due, Sir:
 To a bagnio reels with a wench,
 Nor fears Intoxication.
 His conduct oft upon the Bench
 Calls loud for reprehension.

CHORUS.

And this is true, I will maintain
 Until my dying day, Sir,
 Tippling Will from lust can't refrain,
 And gets muzz both night and day, Sir.

* Sir John Fielding, who was deaf as well as blind to scenes of iniquity, and is supposed to have taken his fee in *tail*.

† An addle-headed magistrate who presides in Westminster, remarkable for sobriety and the justness of his decisions.

When Whitehead's * quean the Blakeney took,
 It was still a drunken story,
 They swore, got drunk, all shame forsook,
 And chaunted tales of bawdy;
 Brimfull of gin, the neighbours round
 Disturb'd by their orations,
 To Justice flew with looks profound
 To seek for reparation.

CHORUS.

'Tis true, I swear, they lov'd strong bub,
 Faith the neighbours round would say, Sir,
 Of brandy, rum, of gin and shrub,
 They'd drink a gallon a day, Sir.

Then Justice † Wrong became a Knight,
 And took this resolution,
 To wink at crimes, take black for white,
 A fig for the Constitution.
 He sanction'd the Socratic breed,
 So fam'd in ancient story;
 If rightly feed, for rogues would plead,
 And bawds, whores, and pimps may glory.

CHORUS.

And this is true, I will maintain
 Until my dying day, Sir,

* Once a hatter in New-street, who, with Mrs. Gardner, a celebrated demi-rep, succeeded Dillon.

† An immaculate magistrate, who refused to take the oath of a gentleman exhibited against Lord O—e for sodomitical practices.

H—s * stolen chain, and O—s † flame,
Will bear witness to my lay, Sir.

Of all the line of Bow-street Knights,
Sir John did them all excell, Sir,
Tho' dark his sight, his ideas bright,
Chicane could detect full well, Sir.
'Tho' evil minds have strove this page
From fame's bright scroll to sever,
In truth's bright frame, tho' parties rage,
His name is enroll'd for ever.

CHORUS.

To justice strict was John's delight,
Let whore, rogue, or lord declaim, Sir,
No giant's might could John affright,
A child would his right obtain, Sir.

* 'Tis a well known fact that the magistrate alluded to, having Miss West the celebrated knuckler in custody, liberated her on his receiving a gold watch chain, which he wore, was challenged with by the party robbed, and taken to a Police office in Westminster; but his brethren in that quarter, having no more integrity than himself, prevented this iniquitous business meeting the public eye in a manner it ought to have done.

† L—d O—e, whose attachment to the Fundamental Base compelled him to leave this kingdom to avoid a prosecution.

THE FLASHY BLOWING.

AIR—THE ROLLING KIDDY.

THE girls flock up to Town, inflam'd by drefs and
 flattery;
 No place there is like London, to spoil them from the
 country.
 To raise the needful wanting, her body hacks to
 letcherous frigs,
 And a— and c— each night displays to bullies, gamb-
 lers, scamps, and prigs.
 This is the way to be a Flashy Blowing O.
 The kiddies will admire her, and swear she is the
 dandy O.

She learns the lift * and dobbin † rig, is up to every
 fencing ken,
 And every darky prads the town, her case well lin'd
 with shrub and gin;
 Whene'er she meets a flat to an alley scuds and tips the
 wink,
 One hand's employ'd to heave the log, the other bones
 your tick or chink.
 This is the way, &c.

Like her new acquaintance a flash man now must grace
 her train,
 Who nightly prads with ma'm her round, and stands
 the bulk to all the gains.

* The lift, robbing shops under the pretence of
 buying goods.

† Stealing ribbon by various pretences.

But if by the Police trapp'd, to Tothill Downs they
him convey,

Then Justice Bond with judgment keen predicts his
trip to Botany Bay.

This is the way to be a Flashy Kiddy O,

The Blowings will admire him, and swear he is the
tippy O.

Now callous grown to sage advice, by all pronounc'd
a rotten frow,

To get careen'd to the *Lock* she runs, or else to *Guy's*
asylum goes,

Where shrieks and cries and doleful sighs are sounds
that oft assail the ear,

And victims dire do here expire, and youthful bloom
check'd in career.

These are the abodes of many a Flashy Blowing O,

Like flowers gay they bloom to-day, but now no
more the dandy O.

The Feather'd * Deity here claims their nightly ado-
ration,

And lotions nauseous here imbibe, with copious strong
potations;

But Nature's frame so finely wove soon yields to dis-
solution,

And *Luce* once fair dies in despair, here ends her
prostitution.

This is the exit of many a Flashy Blowing O,

Like flowers gay they have had their day, to-mor-
row's close is poignant woe.

* The application of mercury.

THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.

AIR—Bow wow.

YOU all no doubt have heard a famous chaunt chorus'd Bow wow,
 A theme so truly pleasing I invoke the Muse to teach me how.
 Take the will for the deed, I'm no great hand at rhyming,
 My efforts are to please, you'll excuse the errors in chiming.

Attend, Sirs, awhile to a fact that I will now relate,
 Of George's holy family, and Charlotte his loving mate.
 Grace said, they sat down to grub with attention most profound, Sir,
 On Betsey's plate a monster most hideous was found, Sir.

Betsey being much alarm'd call'd loudly on Papa, Sir,
 The pretty lambs affrighted stuck close to Mamma, Sir;
 Poor George was planet-struck, stood as fix'd to the centre,
 And fear'd to move or speak till some slavey should enter.

The domestics all alarm'd at this strange consternation,
 Flew with speed to the chamber, each making an oration.
 George, Charlotte and Betsey, with slaveys out of number,
 Were all group'd together, struck with panic fear and wonder.

Now

Now George acquir'd courage, as this num'rous herd
 drew near, Sir,
 And surveying well the monster, that caus'd this dread
 and fear, Sir,
 A whisper went about, and George whisper'd Spoufy,
 Dear Charlotte, I much fear that our lovely Bet is
 lousy.

A Council was call'd on this important event, Sir,
 And many hours debating till midnight was spent,
 Sir;
 Their spirits being fatigued, they muzz'd and got
 near happy,
 And by all 'twas agreed that the cooks must be
 chatty*.

A decree then went forth, as unalterable as fate, Sirs,
 Stating all the cooks in George's case † should quickly
 have bald pates, Sirs:
 A shaver was sent for, and the cooks Blocks were
 cropp'd, Sir;
 They say by this deed that this bestial line was stopp'd,
 Sir.

Our witty brother Bow wow concludes like a satyrift,
 Should I copy his manner, you may call me a pla-
 giarift.

This humble imitation I hope will not offend, Sirs,
 So I now take my leave, wishing health to Bow and
 friends, Sirs.

* A local word for lice.

† A term frequently us'd for a house.

THE MOCK PATRIOT AND REAL ONE.

AIR—THE PROKER.

ABOUT twenty years squinting Jack made a great
 noise,
 And was chronicled in every street by barbers, sweeps,
 and cleaver boys;
 So boldly he harangued in freedom's cause, you'd swear
 he was no joker,
 But now a slave at lucre's shrine, he's become the de-
 vil's stoker.

CHORUS.

O this false deceitful ray of liberty,
 He deceives our sense,
 Extracts our pence,
 And dupes has made of you and me.

'Twas in the city, at the sign of—'faith I have forgot
 the name,
 But 'twas somewhere near Guildhall, and that you
 know is all the same,
 Jack swore to support Britannia's friends with fist,
 sword, head and shoulders,
 With squints and shrugs this fly humbug astonish'd
 all beholders.
 O this false, deceitful ray, &c.

Now Jack he was a warlike blade, and great among
 St. Stephen's men;
 He'd fight a Lord, attack a Scot, with sword, with
 pistol, wit or pen;
 Much bustle made to protect the press from any base
 intruder,
 And boldly fac'd proud H——x, the ministerial
 ruler.
 O this false, &c.

When

When firmly fix'd on Brentford's throne, Jack ey'd
 the loaves and fishes,
 An outcast long being forc'd to roam, he sigh'd for
 home made dishes;
 Like many more, a paw became to P—tt's administra-
 tion,
 No more buzza this squinting thing, he's despis'd
 throughout the nation.
 O this false, &c.

A bumper in your fingers thus, now toast a patriot
 glorious,
 Who ne'er from freedom's cause has swerv'd, tho' error
 says notorious,
Charles Fox, my boys, I mean to toast, a *hero* fam'd
 in story,
Britannia's true begotten son, and *Britain's* greatest
 glory.

CHORUS.

O this bright, substantial ray of liberty,
 He gives birth to sense,
 Disperses pence,
 And praise deserves from you and me.

THE DUCK AND APOLLO BLADES.

TUNE—YE PADS, YE SCAMPS, &c.

YE bucks, ye rolling kiddies, and all upon the lay,
 In this gay town of London you frolic, sport and
 play,
 Flashing of your plumage, with nappers dock'd so
 fine,
 At the Apollo, Duck and Pup, with your motto you
 cut a shine.

At jelley-house and bagnios the flats they oft take in,
The queans they flash the milky way to lure you to
their ken;

First your bit they hobble ere they to snooze will go,
Then deaf to sage experience, you stroke some rotten
frow.

The bully's thundering accents disturb your soft re-
pose,
With dreadful imprecations they deal their fair ones
blows;
But Newgate's fatal *drop-down* oft stops their bold
career,
And *bemp* they've oft times beaten now makes them
solitaire.

And you my flashy kiddies, who oft times bilk the fair,
Of such frail ones indignation I'd have you all take
care;
A vet'ran in the service gives you this friendly hint,
Who oft times has encounter'd tongs, poker, steel and
flint.

My peepers, who've we here now! why sure it is poor
Tom,
Who with many a rolling quean his length has oft
times gone;
But p—x, that dire usurper, has prov'd poor Tom's
o'erthrow,
And now no more with *demi-reps* poor Tom his length
can go.

We are bucks, we are rolling kiddies, we are all upon
some lay,
In this gay town of London we frolic, sport and play,
Flashing of our plumage, with our noddles dress'd so
fine,
At the Flora, Gig and Duck, with the blowings cut
a shine.

THE MODERN CHOICE SPIRITS.

NEAR to Salisbury-square stands a house,*
 Fam'd for eating and 'Trueman's stout beer,
 Where the true sons of Comus carouse,
 By the theme of my song will appear.

Friend *Hancock*, a true hearted fellow,
 His company seldom controuls,
 Replenish your bowls and be mellow,
 Here you'll meet with some true social souls.

Jack Fox, a true son of Apollo,
 Here deigns to enliven the scene;
 W—g's flute and Smith's oboe soon follow,
 Here dwells neither sorrow nor spleen.

Billy Bond too, for harmony fam'd,
 In a solo, a catch, or a glee;
 When with Fox for a duet is nam'd,
 'Tis true music you all will agree.

Jack C——d, as worthy a fellow
 As e'er gilt a bolus or pill,
 When with crank he gets nearly mellow,
 To chaunt a snob's praise is his will.

Friend Lownds too, in soft pleasing strains,
 Like music delightful we hear,
 Giving joy to our vibrating veins,
 When in pastoral chords he appears.

* The Barley Mow, Salisbury-court.

Billy Miller, a vet'ran enroll'd,
 Here chaunting oft times may be found,
 For mirth, song, and glee is extoll'd,
 And with wit, joke, and fun doth abound.

Johannett, for drollery fam'd,
 Here tippling stout *Trueman's* you'll see,
 For a comical song oft is nam'd,
 Which he throws off with infinite glee.

De Castro, S——tt, Seaton, and Newland,
 Will chaunt till bright Phoebus ascend,
 And should Morpheus his poppies here blend,
 My friend Evans * his night-cap will lend.

And now, Sirs, my song's nearly ending,
 My muse her gay course almost ran,
 When you feel that your mind is unbending,
 To our Court come, you'll find it the plan.

* Mr. Evans was celebrated for singing a little ditty called the Night-cap, a song of Mr. Edwin's.

THE SCRIBES, VULGARLY CALLED HACK- NEY WRITERS.

AIR—Bow wow.

BEFORE I proceed an apology I mean to make,
 Left any misconceive me, or by error should mis-
 take:

'Tis only to shew and describe some strange and care-
 less men,
 Some flats, some sharps, some worthies, 'mongst the
 the group that wield the goose pen,

As

As a key to my chaunt, 'tis needful I tell you where
These oddities I speak of both morn and night do oft
appear;

At the Crop* and at Tom Paine's †, I mean not Paine
the Infidel,

But Tommy Paine, a worthy boy, that dwells within
this citadel.

The first is Pomposo, tho' not insolent or loud, Sirs,
Nor often does he babble, tho' admir'd among the
crowd, Sirs,

From morn to night he puffs and snuffs, like Falstaff
is most subtle,

Nor ever will give way to friends in beverage, walk,
or guttle.

The second in my narrative was Jemmy known the
sensible,

Replete with sound integrity, with errors reprehensible;

You'd suppose by his garb Jim a *dust-bo* or pye-man,
Nay many go so far to say that Jemmy was young Sir
Simon.

A merry man I now produce, and claim your attention,
Of errors, true, he has his share, one only I shall
mention;

Of good qualities not destitute, and wishes no one ill,
Sir,

A votary strict to Venus, and swallows many a pill, Sir.

* The Yorkshire Crop, in Bond Stables, Fetter-lane.

† The White Lion, White's-alley, Chancery-lane.

Billy Miller, a vet'ran enroll'd,
 Here chaunting oft times may be found,
 For mirth, song, and glee is extoll'd,
 And with wit, joke, and fun doth abound.

Johannett, for drollery fam'd,
 Here tippling stout *Trueman's* you'll see,
 For a comical song oft is nam'd,
 Which he throws off with infinite glee.

De Castro, S——tt, Seaton, and Newland,
 Will chaunt till bright Phœbus ascend,
 And should Morpheus his poppies here blend,
 My friend Evans * his night-cap will lend.

And now, Sirs, my song's nearly ending,
 My muse her gay course almost ran,
 When you feel that your mind is unbending,
 To our Court come, you'll find it the plan.

* Mr. Evans was celebrated for singing a little ditty called the Night-cap, a song of Mr. Edwin's.

THE SCRIBES, VULGARLY CALLED HACK- NEY WRITERS.

AIR—BOW WOW.

BEFORE I proceed an apology I mean to make,
 Lest any misconceive me, or by error should mis-
 take:

'Tis only to shew and describe some strange and care-
 less men,
 Some flats, some sharps, some worthies, 'mongst the
 the group that wield the goose pen,

As

As a key to my chaunt, 'tis needful I tell you where
These oddities I speak of both morn and night do oft
appear;

At the Crop* and at Tom Paine's †, I mean not Paine
the Infidel,

But Tommy Paine, a worthy boy, that dwells within
this citadel.

The first is Pomposo, tho' not insolent or loud, Sirs,
Nor often does he babble, tho' admir'd among the
crowd, Sirs,

From morn to night he puffs and snuffs, like Falstaff
is most subtle,

Nor ever will give way to friends in beverage, walk,
or guttle.

The second in my narrative was Jemmy known the
sensible,

Replete with sound integrity, with errors reprehensible;

You'd suppose by his garb Jim a *dust-bo* or pye-man,
Nay many go so far to say that Jemmy was young *Sir*
Simon.

A merry man I now produce, and claim your attention,
Of errors, true, he has his share, one only I shall
mention;

Of good qualities not destitute, and wishes no one ill,
Sir,

A votary strict to Venus, and swallows many a pill, Sir.

* The Yorkshire Crop, in Bond Stables, Fetter-lane.

† The White Lion, White's-alley, Chancery-lane.

Master Bob comes next in view, you'll all allow 'tis
 true, Sirs,
 Of bub and grub he takes his fill, will muzz till oft
 he spews, Sirs;
 Ne'er satisfied with what he gets, like *Jenny* grasps at
 all, Sirs,
 And when acquir'd, like many more, 'tis pifs'd against
 the wall, Sirs.

Another scribe I mean to shew, a slave tho' nought
 but *bone*, Sirs,
 So inflexible to *decent's* call, you'd swear he was a
stone, Sirs;
 Like master *Bob*, he grubs all night, and oft from
Charley knaps a hog*,
 And many pounds he weekly takes, but scarcely ever
 buys a tog†.

Charles J——s, a worthy lad, who seldom does of-
 fend, Sirs,
 But cheerfully his purse-strings draws to assist his
 needy friends, Sirs;
 With *Momus* firm in friendship's cause, their minds
 sometimes unbend, Sirs,
 At Tom's ‡ and Bett's § they oft resort a cheerful
 hour to spend, Sirs.

A little Jug I had near forgot, nay as big as any
 pitcher,
 A quiet man is always found, and as gay as Jemmy
 Twitcher;

* Kicks his Master Charles for a shilling.

† Tog, a coat.

‡ Tom Paine's, White's-alley.

§ Bett Glover's, Halfpenny Hatch.

Discretion seems to be his aim, may other Scribes
example take;

Tom B—d, Bill St—c, Lieutenant B—s, no more
get muzz, but gin forsake.

A Scribe retir'd from midnight toil I have next in
relation,

Of friendship's sacred tye oft *boasts*, but all is osten-
tation;

Like many more, when seated snug by Fortune, fa-
vourite *Dame*, Sirs,

Forgets the soil from whence he sprung, nor knows
his old friend's name, Sirs.

ABacchanalian boy comes next, a true convivial soul,
Sirs,

He ne'er detracts from friend or foe, with glee sits
o'er his bowl, Sirs;

The Red-house lad I mean, 'tis plain, tho' sometimes
clad in black, Sir,

He cheerful spends, will always lend, may his sack
contain a lack*, Sirs.

In poetic strains a Scribe steps forth, whose efforts are
to please, Sirs,

The Bard's been pregnant full nine months, may he
soon have much ease, Sirs,

And when this brat is brought to light, friend Scribes
I pray your succour give,

Preserve this *brand* in this our land, and *Gilley's*
praise will ever live.

Jack S—h, a veteran in this town, his length and
width you all must know,

By P— and C— and U— dire, poor Jack his length
no more can go;

* A lack of rupees, viz. 10,000.

Jack T——e has heretofore been us'd to titillate the ladies,

But now, worn out in lech'ry's course, Jack F—r F—s the babies.

A famous Scribe and sing-song blade, for chaunting long has borne the bell,

In muzzing gin morn, noon, and night, no Scribe I'm sure can him excell;

At eight he knaps a quartern, ditto, ditto, before eleven, Sirs;

At twelve again encore, and then, by one he has swallow'd seven, Sirs.

Hugh *Mac* too, Sirs, will have his wack, of bub takes copious swills, Sirs,

To labour strict is six days found, on the seventh knaps his fill, Sirs.

Some say that Hugh the Sabbath breaks, tho' with oaths he seldom racks us,

I'll swear *Mac* strict *devotion* pays, but 'tis at the shrine of *Bacchus*.

A spruce young man almost, the thing must not be forgot, Sirs,

With drels so neat, but seldom sweet, so much attach'd to Motts*, Sirs;

In blowing up with flash and trash, he sometimes is victorious,

Retort, and then his passions flame, he goes mad 'tis most notorious.

Of these oddities I take my leave, wishing no one this may offend;

A harmless laugh is all my aim, whene're a pipe our minds unbend.

* Motts, ladies of easy virtue.

May every name that's here enroll'd defy *Old Nick*,
 that fly humbug,
 May friends and foes unite in bands, and meet in bliss
 supremely snug.

LUCY ROBINSON.

YOU all know fam'd Lambeth's rum gig-shop;
 'Tis a house for convenience and use;
 Where each lad cuts a swell with a mott,
 And I with my sweet-temper'd Luce.

To praise her, ye poets divine,
 No language could be too profuse;
 How bold this attempt then of mine
 To describe the sweet charms of my Luce.

Should I say her cheeks rival the rose,
 Her lips the ripe cherry produce,
 I should only my weekneis expose,
 In comparing such things to my Luce.

Her soft heaving bosom's like snow;
 To view my dear Lucy in buff,
 Soft love thro' each vein quick would flow,
 At one touch of my Lucy's snug ruff.

May I ever be baulk'd in the sport,
 Of my faculties lose every use,
 If I think there's a beauty at Court
 Has a charm to compare to my Luce,

She is neither too short nor too tall,
 Nor is she too lean or too fat;
 Yet mind, should you tip Luce a fall,
 She'll make you knock under for that.

In cold and in bleak winter nights,
 With my Lucy I wanton and play,
 And I revel in copious delights
 With my fair one, till comes the broad day.

Then we twist legs and arms, roll and tumble,
 And snooze till the tattler strikes ten,
 Then I give Luce a geregonimble,
 And we both twist to snoozing again.

My Lucy is no common blowing,
 Tho' she is well known on this town;
 When her favourite jigger's a going,
 Luce is always two up to one down.

And now, Sirs, I guess what you all wish,
 I read what your looks do produce;
 I prithee now tell me, is't not this,
 Don't you wish to kiss my dear Luce?

THE NUPTIAL NIGHT.

AIR—THE MERRY DANCE I DEARLY LOVE,

THE nuptial night I treat with scorn,
 Not having grasp'd the dear delight;
 Waste quick, said I, the tedious night,
 Some ease to give a maid forlorn.
 Soft pleasing sounds assail'd my ear,
 And echo, *Kate*, thy *Edward's*, here.
 O how he griev'd! O how I sigh'd, I sigh'd, he
 griev'd!
 He griev'd, then shed a parting tear.

A gloomy night I've now in view,
 For Hymen here had no pretence,
 No spear to pierce the virgin fence.
 Had ever maid more cause to rue.

'Tis *Billington* comes, public praise to implore,
Receive her with homage, and this syren adore.

Come hither, ye sculptors, and catch ev'ry grace
'That Fate interwove in a heaven form'd face.
Come hither ye pencil-deck'd artists, and seek
Those tints with which beauty has soften'd her cheek.

Come hither ye minstrels who charm the wild throng,
And list to the tones which sublime her meek song;
For 'tis *Wells* the resistless who bursts on the sight,
To wed infant rapture and strengthen delight.

See harmony joyant burst wild on the stage,
To give a young sorceress up to the age;
'Tis all alive *Martyr*, who claims beauty's throne,
And marks indirectly each gazer her own.

See the aggregate raptures that live in her sigh,
See the love-darting blaze of her black rolling eye,
Which eloquent speaks all the heart can desire,
And silently whispers the pulse is on fire.

Those rich sable locks which o'ershadow her brow
Frigidity warms, and provokes the fierce vow;
In delicious disorder they artlessly break
On those soft snowy mountains that hollow her neck.

Sheet harmony, hail, to our miseries given
As parent of concord, and daughter of heaven;
The powers of music were sent as a blessing,
The evils attendant on mortals redressing.

With my *Ballinamona*, &c.

T H E W E E D.

TUNE—DERRY DOWN.

THE praises of liquor how oft have we sang,
 And chaunted of girls till the ceilings have rang;
 But tobacco, that heart-cheering herb, is a theme
 Our songsters and choristers ne'er will disdain.

How insipid the tankard, unsocial the bowl,
 If not garnish'd with pipes to enliven the soul.
 A puff if we are out in a song gives us law,
 And fresh spirits imbibe from each whiff as we draw.

Eclips'd with this weed, should our creditors come,
 Like Jove we're obscur'd from these troublesome duns,
 And should they espy us they'll sure take a pipe,
 Which will soften their threats as this loadstone takes
 light,

Tobacco made England a nation renown'd,
 'Tis extoll'd by all souls, search the universe round,
 Give Jack but a whiff, and he values no guns,
 And will fight like a bull with a quid in his muns,

Canaster, the pigtail, the short cut and shag,
 Is esteem'd by the lac'd coat and louse-harb'ring rag.
 The statesman, the soldier, the quean, and the whore,
 Chew, puff, snuff, and sneeze, till their puffing is o'er.

THE DRUNKEN YOUNG DAUGHTER.

TUNE—THE OBSTINATE DAUGHTER.

A Daughter I have, people say she's the dandy,
 But sure she's a devil for drinking of brandy;
 In tippling a bottle oft times have I caught her,
 O what a plague is a drunken young daughter!

CHORUS.

Tippling and muddling, drinking and fuddling,
 O what a plague is a muzzy young daughter!

My precepts deriding, and good advice scorning,
 Her jorum she swears she will have night and morning,
 For brandy she pawn'd the last new gown I bought
 her,
 O what a plague is a muzzy young daughter!
 Tippling and muddling, &c.

Ne'er sober, so doatingly fond of the sup,
 She's drunk lying down, and she's drunk getting up;
 To her bedside this morning a quartern was brought
 her.
 O what a plague is a muzzy young daughter!
 Tippling and muddling, &c.

She drinks while she's able, reels to bed when she's
 tipsy;
 My heart's almost broke with this drunken yonug
 gipsy;
 Last night in her warm bed she made her water,
 O what a plague is a piss-a-bed daughter!
 Tippling and muddling, drinking and fuddling,
 O what a plague is a piss-a-bed daughter!

A NAVAL SONG AND CHORUS.

SINCE th' imperious proud Gauls dare give law to
 the world,
 May our thunder destructive with vengeance be hurl'd,
 May the trophies of victory be with honour display'd,
 May we chace, fight and conquer, by night and by
 day.

CHORUS.

From sea to sea, from East to West,
 Boys follow your Gallic foe,
 Nor let them have a moment's rest,
 Till death shall strike the blow.
 Pursue the Gauls, they sink, they fly,
 The bloody flag display;
 'Tis ours to conquer or to die,
 They strike, my boys, huzza!

The lion of Britain is rous'd from his trance,
 Take care, proud usurpers, how your navy advance;
 From the North to the South we'll assassins expell,
 Nor will e're sheath the sword till these bloodhounds
 we quell.

From sea to sea, &c.

We'll give the proud Gauls, I warrant, their due,
 Nor e'er will retreat, but with vigour pursue;
 Ship to ship, hand to hand, let us stick to their stuff,
 Nor give up the fight till they cry they've enough.

From sea to sea, &c.

When these insolent Gauls intreat us to peace,
 Then hate and hostility quickly shall cease.
 An Englishman spares when his enemy's down,
 When the flag is once struck shall our mercy be shewn.

From sea to sea, &c.

Till

Till then bloody war shall continue to rage,
 Our ships spite of darkness in storms shall engage;
 For we never shake hands, nor from war will refrain,
 Till Britons are acknowledg'd the lords of the main,
 From sea to sea, &c.

THE FARMER AND FAMILY'S VISIT TO WILTON HOUSE*.

AIR—Bow wow.

A Pleasant joke I late have heard, that George to
 Wilton House went,
 The gardens being much prais'd, to see them was his
 intent.
 Our M——h hasten'd first to view the fam'd Hercu-
 lean figure,
 When cocking up his wonderous glass, made every
 member bigger.

The limbs, the brawney shoulders, George took much
 delight in,
 But when he saw the mighty y—d, good Lord, it did
 affright him.
 Amazed, George cried out—quick, quick, throw a
 napkin o'er it,
 For Charlotte and the girls are near, to see such things
 it is not fit.

* Near Salisbury is the seat of the Earl of Pem-
 broke, called Wilton House; in the garden is a fine
 piece of sculpture, representing Hercules: it being
 much extolled, the Farmer and family went to see it;
 the generative emblem appearing somewhat large,
 shocked George's delicacy, which gave birth to the
 above stanzas.

A napkin

A napkin o'er it soon was thrown, but done in such a
 hurry,
 The sn—t remain'd uncover'd, which put George in a
 flurry.
 The girls and Charlotte then appear'd, before George
 intended,
 They took a view, they titter'd, laugh'd, and thus
 this joke was ended.

TO-MORROW.

AIR—MAKE MUCH OF TO-DAY.

I Heed not, while life's on the wing,
 What fate or what fortune can bring,
 Nor think or of care or of sorrow:
 Would you know why so happy and gay,
 I've liv'd, my companions, to-day,
 And will waste not a thought on to-morrow.

What pleasures already are flown,
 The joys my fond heart might have known,
 I could not repeat without sorrow:
 When eagerly brimm'd the brisk wine,
 When love half consenting was mine,
 A whisper came—stay till to-morrow.

I'll live, for I'm wiser at last,
 The present shall pay for the past,
 No moment of future I'll borrow.
 The cheat I now fairly descry,
 On to-day you must only rely,
 Look not for a friend in to-morrow.

I'll catch ev'ry swift-flying hour,
 I'll taste ev'ry joy in my power,
 And teach you to smile away sorrow:

If love now bids beauty be kind,
 If you've port or punch gladden your mind,
 Have nothing to do with to-morrow.

PADS AND SHOE-STRINGS.

TUNE—AN OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GRAY.

WHATEVER invention takes place,
 I'll say it again and again,
 That pads female beauty disgrace,
 And shoe-strings look childish on men.
 But what great delight can be found
 In striving to seem plump and jolly?
 Sure fashion in life's giddy round
 Has now reach'd the summit of folly.

However eccentric the mind,
 'Tis hop'd all such farcical scenes
 Will be to their province confin'd,
 Us'd only by tragical queens.
 Our old English matrons with glee
 Would chat about lasses and lads,
 But anger'd would much be to see
 Or hear any talk of twin pads.

In Fleet-street, the London prints say,
 A scene of high humour occur'd;
 A lady stopp'd short on the way,
 And help—speedy help, was the word.
 Assistance was sent for in haste,
 That proper relief might be had.
 When just as her stays were unlac'd,
 On the floor dropp'd a fine chopping pad.

So truly prepos't'rous of late
 Our wives, maids, and widows have been,
 The pads such attraction create,
 There's scarce a cork nymph to be seen.

Some

Some say nature's rights 'tis invading
 This sham swelling garb to put on,
 For how with these false bills of lading
 Can ships by their rigging be known

Ye fair who adorn Britain's isle,
 Disdain in this whim to engage;
 Such ludicrous dress a short while
 May tend to make sport on the stage.
 Let truth be your grand regulator;
 Keep close to the bosom what glads,
 The sound honest dictates of nature;
 A blaze make of shoe-strings and pads.

BLACK-EYED NAN.

A BURLESQUE.

MY Nancy is my heart's delight,
 Where all my pleasure lies;
 Her rosy cheeks like cherries ripe,
 With black and rolling eyes.

CHORUS.

Not one in ten of our Garden men
 Could e'er her heart trepan;
 Kate, Moll, and Sue, I bid ye all adieu,
 And I'll stick to my rolling Nan.

Ye bucks and bloods, whose rolling queans
 In silk and satins shine,
 Whose life is but an idle dream
 Compar'd to Nan's and mine,
 Not one in ten of such flash men, &c.

Ye prigs and scamps, men of the town,
 Who stag the thieving den,
 For grabbling * tattlers are renown'd,
 And flash to burst a ken.
 Not one in ten of your prigging men, &c.

Let saucy Tom the Nightman brag
 His rigs with oyster Sue,
 My lovely Nan she rules the roast,
 And her I will pursue.
 Not one in ten of St. Giles's men, &c. &c.

THE LAMENTATION OF A KIDDY.

THEN farewell to Port and Sherry,
 Brothels, bawds, and whores farewell,
 Never more at Dillon's † levee
 Shall your Tommy cut a swell,
 Shall your Tommy cut a swell.

Now secure from duns and setters,
 To dire Newgate's cells I go,
 Where enthrall'd with galling fetters,
 Some hempen cord may lay me low.
 Some hempen cord may lay me low.

But, alas! on the *drop* appearing,
 In dire dismay and heart most sad,
 Perhaps e'en you my last exit hearing,
 By pity mov'd, may cry poor lad!
 By pity mov'd, may cry poor lad!

* Gentlemen who take watches by the slight dignified by the name of Knuckles.

† The Blakeney's Head in Bow-street, formerly a receptacle for highwaymen, footpads, &c.

SONS OF THE DRAMA.

TUNE—DERRY DOWN.

ATTEND, Sirs, awhile, and I'll briefly relate
 The opinions of actors in this happy state,
 Both tragic and comic, and those that best sing.
 With a veteran esteem'd I mean first to begin.

Revere sturdy Macklin, the dramatical Sire,
 For not age nor disease can extinguish his fire;
 Like an evergreen sent, as a rare vernal treasure,
 Tho' he blooms all the year, all the year gives us
 pleasure.

Possessing a clear and capable head,
 With the mien of a gentleman, gay and well bred,
 View Holman quit science, who calls *Veni Domine*,
 To embrace with young vigour the charms of Mel-
 pomene.

In the African captive see Pope wake surprize,
 And calls pity's tears into feminine eyes;
 When poor Oroonoko is goaded by foes,
 This player judiciously pictures his woes.

Joe Munden steps forth with a gait debonair,
 A foe to dull spleen, and a spoiler of care;
 The dryness of Shuter, and Edwin's droll whim;
 By nature were blended and center'd in him.

Respectable Wroughton was form'd to exist,
 Like an elegant bracelet round dignity's wrist.
 In society's circle where honour him leads,
 As he brightens the beauties of truth by his deeds.

'Tis said that the stars take a peep at our birth,
 And give the young bipeds to Bacchus or mirth,
 To Minerva, the Muses, Bellona or beauty,
 And the predestin'd instrument walks to its duty.

For when Lewes first met this gross world's checquer'd
 light,
 They consign'd the brisk brat to the care of delight,
 Who call'd polish'd elegance in to assist her,
 And the boy met the nymph and with extasy kifs'd
 her.

With his gibes and his quiddities, cranks and his
 wiles,
 His croak and his halt, his smirks and his smiles,
 View the smart tiny Quick, giving grace to a joke,
 With a laugh-loving eye or a leer equivoque.

Madam spleen shuns this rogue with particular care,
 And flies to a palace to keep from despair:
 She hates the blithe dwarf with immoderate rage,
 And for fear of his presence ne'er visits the stage.

Having actors portray'd, comic, tragic, and drolls,
 Fill us bumpers, my host, and replenish our bowls;
 May we all act our parts, well as those I've describ'd,
 And good ale, punch and port, may we always im-
 bibe.

THE INTREPID MARINER.

WHEN first I left my dearest Peg
 To plough the raging main,
 It was to wear a wooden leg,
 Perhaps a golden chain.
 The one I have got, the other lost,
 Tho' fore against my will;
 What tho' Dame Fortune has me cross'd,
 I'll fight for England still.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

'Then hoist aloft the grog, my boys,
 And let us joyous be,
 Give us but grog, 'twill raise our souls
 To triumph o'er the sea.

And when upon the deck I stand,
 I'll think of my dear Peg,
 And boldly with my sword in hand
 Cock up my wooden leg.
 The loss of limbs will not affright,
 From the battle I ne'er will fly,
 And then upon my stumps I'll fight,
 Ay, damme, till I die.

CHORUS.

Then hoist aloft the grog, my boys,
 And let us joyous be;
 Give us but grog, 'twill raise our souls
 To triumph o'er the sea.

THE INFLUENCE OF LOVE.

WHEN I'm at the tavern quaffing,
 Well dispos'd for t'other quart,
 Comes my wife and spoils my laughing,
 Telling me 'tis time to part.
 Words I know were unavailing,
 Yet I sternly answer, no,
 Till by motions more prevailing,
 Sitting down, she treads my toe.

Such kind tokens to my thinking
 Most emphatically prove,
 That the joys that flow from drinking
 Are averie to those of love.

Then farewell friends and t'other bottle,
 Since I can no longer stay,
 Love, more learn'd than Aristotle,
 Has to move me found the way.

CHARACTERS, WITH NOTES.

AIR—BOW WOW.

A Strange group of characters this town doee produce, Sirs ;
 Some live by dress, some by finesse, and are of little use, Sirs.
 My friends to mend these lines I blend, without malice or ill-nature,
 Man's faults to scan will be my plan, tho' some may call me prater.

You all must have heard of Stone's * mad oration,
 About his love for a Princess, the first in all this nation.
 If all as mad as Stone to quod they were to send, Sirs,
 Very few that hear me this evening here would spend, Sirs.

A Friseur † we are told wish'd to kiss our lovely Bess, Sirs,
 And for this sacred purpose got snug into a press, Sirs.
 But to Bridewell was convey'd, of his folly to repent,
 Where instead of princely joys, poor Puff he long beat hemp.

* Stone was a Scribe who conceived himself eligible to espouse the Princess Royal.

† A stray Barber, who had secreted himself in the apartments of the Princess Elizabeth.

Young * Castrill, the angry boy, sure this town must
 know full well,
 For whores, for lush, and d——my e——, I'm sure no
 one can Will excell;
 A goat grown old in letch'ry's course, a slave unto a
 baby,
 Nor dares to move one inch, without permission of his
 lady.

Little † Dick, though somewhat old, yet active as a
 lad is found,
 Can shift a card and bridge a pack, with various other
 tricks abound.
 They say Dick's threwd and very lewd, but errors I'll
 not amplify,
 Let's place our hands upon our hearts, and ask what
 faults have you and I.

Fat ‡ S——s you all must know, an egregious fool
 and simple,
 Long time a cull to whores has been, tho' they ne'er
 could find his p—e;
 F— f— and teas'd in every stew, but alas! without
 erection,
 Then home returns in dire dismay, in dangling dejection,

* A young gentleman well known on the Surry side
 of Blackfriars-bridge, a great blade at the Apollo,
 Flora, Gig and Duck.

† A little spruce man, who was early instructed in
 ornamenting the external part of the head; but having
 a keen one of his own, he prudently relinquished the
 comb, and is now dubbed a Lawyer.

‡ A lascivious old goat, who was formerly a man
 of fortune, but by an inordinate indulgence of his pas-
 sions, has impoverished his estate, and rendered himself
 despicable to all the world.

All the world must have heard of *Prussia's* * twelve
 apostles,
 With terrific thundering tongues, though they ne'er
 quaff'd over bottles.
 May George's tribe these twelve excell, at least their
 voices imitate;
 May British hearts unite, shake hands, and make the
 French Convention quake.

* Twelve guns belonging to the King of Prussia, called by that Monarch his twelve apostles. These twelve having done much execution in the present war, and being sent home to be repaired, it was wittily said, they had lost their tongues in speaking so loud to the French, and were gone home to get them replaced.

A P A S T O R A L.

AIR—GODDESSES OF THE CHASE.

PAN leave piping, the Gods have done feasting,
 There's never a goddess a hunting to-day;
 Mortals marvel at Corridon's jesting,
 That gives his assistance to entertain May.
 The lads and the lasses with scarfs on their faces,
 As lively as passes trip over the down,
 Much mirth and sport they make running at barley rake,
 Lord! what haste they make for a green gown.

John with Guillian, Harry with Francis,
 Mog and Mary, with Robin and Will,
 George and Margery lead all the dances,
 For they were reported to have the best skill.
 But Cicely and Nancy, the fairest of many
 That came last of any from out of the town,
 Quickly got in among the midst of all the throng,
 They so much did long for the green gown.

Wanton

Wanton Deborah whisper'd to Dorothy
 That she would wink upon Richard and Sim ;
 Mincing Maudlin shewed her authority,
 And in the quarrel would venture a limb.
 But Sibley was sickly, and could not come quickly,
 And therefore was likely to fall in a swoon :
 Tib would not tarry for Tom nor for Harry,
 Left Christian should carry away the green gown.

Blanch and Beatrice, both of a family,
 Came very lazily lagging behind ;
 Annis and Amiable noting their policy,
 Cupid is cunning, although he is blind.
 But Winney the witty that came from the city,
 With Parnell the pretty, and Betsey the brown,
 Clem, Jone, and Isabel, Sue, Alice, and bonny Nell,
 Travell'd exceedingly for the green gown.

Now the youngsters had reach'd the green meadow,
 Where they intended to gather their May ;
 Some in the sunshine and some in the shadow,
 Singled in couplets began for to play.
 But constant Penelope, Faith, Hope, and Charity,
 Look'd very modestly, yet they lay down,
 And Rachael repented what Prudence prevented,
 And Kate was contented to take a green gown.

Bright Apollo was all this while peeping,
 To see if his Daphne had been in the throng,
 But missing her hastily downwards was creeping,
 For Thetis imagin'd he tarry'd too long.
 Then all the troop mourned, and homewards returned,
 For Cynthia scorned to smile or to frown ;
 Thus they did gather May all the long summer's day,
 And at night went away with a green gown.

THE STRATFORD CONVIVIALS;

AIR—Bow wow.

AT the Bird in Hand at Stratford meet some true
 convivial souls, Sir,
 Our landlord's quite a hearty boy, with glee chaunts
 o'er a bowl, Sir.
 A weekly club we have, and are call'd the Sons of
 Comus,
 We chaunt and sing till echo rings, sometimes shake
 hands with Momus.

A gentleman our club frequents, well skill'd and
 learned in the law,
 But so prone to embellish, in his dearest friend will
 find a flaw.
 Don't think that I exaggerate, or wish to give him
 battle;
 A Case—'twas lately said friend S——n was hung near
 to Whitechapel.

In London they have feather'd heads, wise heads, and
 wooden heads;
 Our club can boast of keen heads, but mostly prize a
Round Head.
 With fifteen content, brother *Round Head*, quite dry
 and sly,
 Set off to Sc—m fair, to F—h, or else unto the Isle
 of Sky.

A lamb-like man full oft we see, but he never goes to
 mafs, Sir,
 In pastoral strains will chaunt all day, and oft times
 takes his glass, Sir,

He's

He's neat, compleat, and quite the thing, rigg'd with
fib * and dress'd in ruffles,

Alas! one day was by a coach run o'er while admiring
of his buckles.

Of an Auctioneer I meant to chaunt, nay it was my
first intention.

Should I proceed, perhaps you'll say, of wigs you
need not mention.

Tho' somewhat dull, I take the hint, wishing no one
this may offend;

A harmless laugh is all my aim, when at *Branscomb's*
house an hour we spend.

Brother All—p, a funny boy, will many a tedious
hour beguile,

With story, song, and witty joke, full oft he makes
his hearers smile.

And many more our Club can boast, whose songs de-
mand attention:

Ne'er pass the Bird but grasp the hand, and make one
of our convention.

* A natty walking-cane or stick,

BRITISH VALOUR,

TUNE—DERRY DOWN.

SAYS George to his spouse, pretty Charlotte, my
dear,

If the French should invade us there's little to fear;

Back to France I can speedily send them, I'm sure,

If I once draw my sword, O the conquest's secure.

In

In Convention we're told to invade us they're bent,
 Should I take sword in hand, don't you think they'll
 repent?
 Let them land ninety thousand, they soon shall be
 fewer,
 If I once draw my sword, O the conquest's secure.

When these sloop meagres come, full of tricks and
 grimace,
 Is there one that will dare to look me in the face?
 With my sword I will spit them like larks on a skewer;
 Believe me, dear Charlotte, these rebels I'll cure.

I'll cut them, and hack them, and slash them, mar-
 blieu!
 And return crown'd with laurels in triumph to you.
 If perchance I should fail, I have millions in store,
 'To regale my old girl, and * * * *

T H E F A S T.

1794.

GIVE attention, ye patriots, awhile to my song,
 Truth alone is my muse, she alone guides my
 tongue;
 Yet should truth give offence and make some stand
 aghaft,
 It is none of my fault, I but sing of a fast.
 With my Ballinamona ora, Ballinamona ora,
 Ballinamona ora, this fasting will ne'er do for me.

Some time since at St. James's a council was held,
 To debate how proud France with ease might be
 quell'd:
 Some said this, some said that, but however at last
 By all 'twas agreed to have another Fast.

Chaste P—tt then cry'd out, send a much larger fleet,
And a more numerous army, these miscreants to beat.
Grim Th—w reply'd, with an oath and a blast,
To insure their success, by G—d we'll all fast.

Lord Gr——ll spoke next; for some time we've re-
ly'd

On our armies and fleets, which they still have defy'd.
On Heaven again now our hopes we must cast,
And to make that our friend, it is fit we should fast.

Pious Du——s then turn'd up the whites of his eyes,
Just as ducks do in thunder, and said with deep sighs,
I fear that this war now for ever will last,
Unless we repent, and we all pray and fast.

Lord Lo——h then answer'd, this maxim may do
'To amuse the great vulgar, and little folks too;
But no such reliance as in our wars past
We ever can have, tho' we now pray and fast.

Why I hope you don't think, reply'd Th——w, my
Lord,

In such things I have faith; no not I, on my word;
If you do, why you're bit; for by G—d, while life
lasts,

'Tis for form sake alone that I pray or I fast.

Yet with some kind of colour to cover this war,
That grave fools may think us more just, than we are,
And that disaffection may not overcast
Our hopes, I propose the force of a Fast.

These reasons so potent convinc'd the whole Board,
And they join'd in the motion with hearty accord;
And *Archbishop Moore* said, my joy is vast,
Five hundred I'll get for a prayer for the Fast.

But let each son of freedom such mock'ry despise,
 And detest such base tools who would sanctify vice.
 May their fast be condemn'd by each patriot at least,
 And whilst hypocrites fast let us joyfully feast.

With my Ballinamona ora, Ballinamona ora,
 Ballinamona ora, may Old Nick knap these fasters
 for me.

THE HIGH MINDED SOLDIER.

AIR—THE HIGH METTLED RACER.

HARK, to martial alarms the calm village resounds,
 'Tis for youths to enlist Serjeant Trim goes his
 rounds ;

Whilst so gallant and bold all his comrades appear,
 The brave lose their parents, the coward his fear.
 Thus the sparks of ambition are fed till they flame,
 And the peasant, instructed to thirst after fame,
 Leaves peace and contentment for honour to roam ;
 The high minded soldier first leaves his own home.

Grown perfect in duty, by discipline hard,
 The foes of his country to meet is prepar'd.
 For in hostile array soon proud Gallia is seen,
 A foe to all Kings, base, perfidious and mean.
 To oppose them is drafted and forc'd to comply,
 Looks back to his village and pays it a sigh ;
 His courage to shew amidst cannon's loud roar,
 The high minded soldier first leaves his own shore.

Triumphant in danger he lands on their coast,
 Meets fierce opposition from a numerous host ;
 Like a lion he fights amidst horror and death,
 Sees his comrades around him resign their last breath.
 Thus appris'd of his danger, he still rushes on,
 Nor retreats tho' he's wounded, till the day's lost or
 won. .

In battle undaunted, this dire scene being o'er,
He sighs for his village, his own native shore.

Thus, each year he's campaigning vainly hoping the
last,

From toils ne'er releas'd till life's vigour is past;
Grown old and defenceless, depriv'd of a leg,
Dismiss'd from the service and suffer'd to beg,
Oft times will the feats of his victories count o'er,
And fight all his battles in fancy once more,
Till death, that great victor, his time being come,
Calls the poor worn out soldier unto his last home.

THE IMMACULATE MINISTER.

TUNE—THE PRIEST OF THE PARISH.

COME then be silent, and join in the ballad,
A better sure never was pinn'd to a wall;
Ah, the subject can't hurt any lady's nice palate,
Because it don't mention a lady at all.
But it's all of a well spoken sweet pretty gentleman,
Come to delude the vain world and its wife.
Oh, by Ch—t he's so chaste that he won't trust his
p——e,
Man, out of his hand, to save Venus's life.

Troth then it's right that this tool of a Minister
Ne'er should be manag'd by hands but his own;
Then tho' his labours be dextrous or sinister,
Still it's all one while he's working alone.
While he does for himself thus without friend or neighbour,
He proves to the nation great prudence and thrift,
And while his own hands are employ'd in this labour,
By my soul they will never be put to a shift.

Oh they say he's so wise he'd make Solomon wonder,
 To a piece more compleat Nature ne'er put her hand,
 But I think in this piece Nature made a damn'd
 blunder,

For this creature could reason before he could stand.
 To be sure a foreknowledge of state and mankind
 Is a great piece of luck when the age is so small;
 And they say that experience was born in his mind,
 And comes to perfection from nothing at all.

Some say this poor creature was pick'd out to rule us,
 Because that his name foolish people would prize;
 Troth Billy P—tt is the only to fool us,
 While the dust of great Chatham still blinds our eyes.
 But mark what he did for to get to his station,
 He told a damn'd lie in the ear of the King.
 Then a fig for his name, for I'm all for the nation,
 So don't bother me with the name of that thing.

His taxes now prove his great love for the people,
 So wisely they're managed to starve the poor souls;
 Sure the praise of this man should be rung in each
 steeple,
 That would rob us of day-light, of candles and
 coals.

His delicate heart must be tender and pure, Sir,
 A rare stock of wisdom and pity has he,
 That would put out the last spark that would comfort
 the poor, Sir,
 The Devil put out such a patriot for me.

Then what's all this nonsense and humbug about him,
 His chastity, purity, virtue and pride;
 Troth now in Ireland we'd be all apt to doubt him,
 For a man of virginity's all my backside.
 Then burn your man maids and each fr—g pretender,
 In stoical coldness and pitiful art;
 Here's the lad, my brave boys, with a nature that's
 tender,

And touch'd with the feelings that honour the heart.
 CER-

CERBERUS, THE DOG OF HELL, WAS A
LAWYER.

TUNE—THE ELECTION IN HELL.

HARK, with loud triple yell
Bawls Cerberus in Hell,
Disturbing the fiends from all quiet;
Pluto ne'er could find out,
For noise, babble, or rout,
Like a Lawyer to keep up a riot.

Mark the shrewd quibbling tribe,
While *ambo-dexter* holds bribe,
They've all surely three heads upon them,
From each side takes a fee,
One's for P. one for D.
The other is sure to undo them.

For defendant one pleads,
T'other's by plaintiff feed,
By turns this head pleads for either;
To cram full their purse
Their poor clients they nurse,
And the third head's a friend, Sirs, to neither.

No example more strong
Than the truth of my song,
'Twill be sanction'd I'm sure by all nature,
That Cerberus in Hell
Long on earth did rebel,
Was a Lawyer, a sweet pretty creature.

His clan here yet will fight,
Will both friends and foes bite,
With rancour and spleen will be prating:
As their knobs we can't lop,
To each muns throw a sop,
And pass while these bull-dogs are eating.

THE WISH TO HAVE FOUR WIVES.

TUNE—DERRY DOWN.

IN a vein of good humour, says Jack to his wife,
 Thou balm to my soul, and thou joy of my life,
 Five years now are past, or perhaps something more,
 By my happy reck'ning 'tis nearer a score,

Since the *priest* 'fore the altar united our hands,
 And rivetted both in the conjugal bands;
 Yet the state and its rites I so truly adore,
 That I still think one wife too little a store.

Tho' I hold strictly sacred both faith and good works,
 Yet in one thing, I own, I must envy the Turks;
 I think it d—n'd hard, I'm not telling of fibs,
 That an infidel Turk should have four or five ribs;

Whilst I, a good Christian, and lover of fun,
 By the laws of my country am stinted to one.
 Nay, frown not my lovely, or think that I'll range,
 Not to cull the whole world, my dear girl, would I
 change.

Already I'm happy, but still would be more,
 And instead of one charmer, my dear, I'd have four;
 As I measure all joys in this transient life,
 By the fund of affection I find in one wife.

How envy'd a mortal your Jack would then be,
 If Hymen would grant him to wed t'other three;
 My joys would be such as no words can express,
 And my bliss near as much as I wish to possess,

NO PRIESTCRAFT,

AIR—THE CONTENTED FELLOW.

COME liberty, d——n me boys, but well be free,
 Tho' care kill'd a cat, what care I:
 I'll hold six to four, only say done to me,
 Like a soul I have liv'd and I'll die.

They sent me to College, I did not mind that,
 In order to preach and to pray;
 I would not be humm'd, but saw what they were at,
 So my eye upon all they can say.

As to pulpit palaver, why that's all a flam,
 No priestcraft shall e'er govern me;
 I will or I won't, a free agent I am,
 And I'll only believe what I see.

If the Clergy, and Commons, and Lords would but
 join,
 The national debt to pay off,
 And let us free gratis have women and wine,
 Why then we might do well enough.

Then in half pints the Parliament House I would toast,
 And George too upon my bare knee;
 I care not which side, or if none rule the roast,
 So I've but my fun and am free.

But alas! they're sad times, for we all are undone,
 Since we to bum bailiffs submit.
 Bill of Rights! d——n all bills, for the nation's un-
 done
 By that general warrant, a writ.

We must be made slaves, if we don't put a stop
 To *Lawyers*, the *Justice* and all;
 For if in Old England we don't keep it up,
 Why then to be sure we must fall.

When I die—but that's queer, and to think of it dull,
 So as to this here or that there,
 Let me go where I will, so my tankard is full,
 And I have but a girl, I don't care.

If master Death thrusts himself into my room,
 They say that he always makes free,
 I'll try if I can't tip old Bony the hum,
 If I don't—then perhaps he hums me.

As I told you before, I'm resolv'd not to think,
 So I cannot a sentiment give;
 However, my souls, whilst we live let us drink,
 For whilst we are drinking we live.

When I'm dead, 'tis my will not a tear may be shed,
 No *Hic Jacet* engrav'd on a stone,
 But pour into my coffin a bottle of red,
 And say that his drinking is done.

THE ACCOMMODATING JEW.

YE jobbers, underwriters, ye tribes of pen and ink,
 Wid me fal la la la la la
 Who in the Alley speculate, and tea and coffee drink,
 Wid me fal la la la la la
 Flashing of your yellow boys, I'm hither at your call,
 I'm buyer and I'm seller too, and I can serve you all,
 Wid me fal, &c.

Ye

Ye bulls, ye bears, ye lame ducks, and all the wad-
dling crew,
If 'twas not for us Smouches, I don't know what
you'd do:
If e'er you want shecurities, 'tis we that find good
pail,
Our friends have got the tarnish, 'tis true they some-
times fail.

Ye Noblemen who gamble, when all your money's
spent,
My heart it melts, I draw the pond, I lend for Cent
per Cent.
And if a life you would insure dat's old and crazy
grown,
De ways and means I'll let you know to get the busi-
ness done.

Ye Captains and ye Colonels, ye jointur'd widows all,
To little Isaac come when your stock begins to fall;
I'll put you in the method once more to raise de cash,
I'll buy into your sinking funds, that you may cut a
flash.

Ye Parsons with good livings, ye courtiers with good
place,
Advice Ill give you gratis, and tink upon your case,
If dare ish possibility, for you I'll raise the dust,
But den you must excuse me if I serve myself the first.

I give advice to every tribe but Physic and the Law,
For they outwit us Smouches, for bills at sight they
draw;
But we do lend our monish, and run some risk tho'
small,
These fly dogs get all the monish, and run no risk at
all,

THE ADEPT.

AT cards last year I with my dear
 Play'd ev'ry night and day,
 I do not fib, she bilk'd my crib,
 So crafty she did play.
 Games at all fours she beat me scores,
 So well she knows the pack,
 Whene'er she deals, she cribs and steals,
 And can always lug out Jack,

When'er at Put I with the slut
 Sit down, 'tis just the same,
 Tho' fair to play I shew my tray,
 Her deuce will get the game.
 Put if you will, I'll meet you fair,
 And play you for a crown;
 As I'm alive, she'll so contrive,
 That she always can lay down,

At dear quadrille I've had my fill,
 She's beat me o'er and o'er;
 Tho' a good hand made me to stand,
 She had always matadores.
 When in the pool I, like a fool,
 Put in my little fish,
 She'd win them all, both great and small,
 And have her warmest wish.

I never yet could at pique
 Play with her but she won:
 From first to last she play'd so fast,
 She'd beat as sure as a gun.
 If I look'd fierce and shew'd my tierce,
 A quart she always had:
 If I had four, she shew'd me more,
 Her quint did make me mad.

I always

I always miss'd if e're at whist
 We did together play :
 She'd keep her seat and always beat,
 Tho' I try'd ev'ry way.
 If face to face she win my ace,
 And make me a mere pup,
 My three times three and honours she
 Takes from me, and gets up.

I am a Jew at hazard too,
 And oft times have a nick ;
 Tho' I throw well, I blush to tell,
 She sometimes makes me sick.
 When with her box she at me knocks,
 My spirit sometimes flags,
 For by the Gods she wins the odds,
 And empties all my bags.

THE MIDDLESEX MILITIA.

AIR—LILLIBULLERO.

COME along, my brave boys, Militia men come,
 Your country calls forth—hark the sound of the
 drum :

'Tis England, Old England, that calls us to arms,
 To protect her from foes and all hostile alarms.
 Now let it appear, should the Frenchmen come here,
 We'll make them be glad to run back again ;
 For we'll fight for our houses, our children, our
 spouses,
 And shew them the courage of Middlesex men.

What room for suspicion or fear can we have,
 When headed by *Prussia*, our neighbour so brave.

His

His honour's too great with tricks to deceive us,
Too noble his courage in danger to leave us.
Let us make it appear, should the Frenchmen come
here,

We'll make them, &c.

Our stout-hearted sailors by night and by day
Are guarding our coasts on the boisterous sea.
What shame would it be to be cowards at home,
Not to know how to fight, should an enemy come.
Let us make it appear, should the Frenchmen come
here,

We'll make them, &c.

To see us so boldly advance—present—fire,
Our wives and our sweathearts will love and admire;
That beauty loves courage, we need not be told,
Since Venus for Mars left her Vulcan of old.
Let us make it appear, should the Frenchmen come
here,

We'll make them, &c.

At the end of this war we'll in union all join,
Our cloaths are our own, but our arms we resign
To neighbours as willing, with courage as brave,
To fight for King George, and our country to save,
Who will make it appear, should the Frenchmen come
here,

We'll make them, &c.

CHARLOTTE POPE.

AIR—THE CHOICE SPIRITS.

HOW oft have I muzz'd night and day
At the Lion, the Bear, and the Oak,
Asham'd my chaste love to display,
Tho' near mad for the village girl Pope.

They say that my visage looks wan,
Like a mourner I languish and mope,
And I'm reckon'd the most alter'd man
In the world, since I saw Charlotte Pope.

Ye blowings so gay now adieu,
Farewell to ye wives that clope,
My heart never meant to be true,
Till 'twas fix'd by my sweet lovely Pope.

Each blossom that blows on the trees,
Each flower that paints the green slope,
From her smiles stole its power to please,
And its bloom from the cheek of my Pope.

Her eyes like Olympus are blue,
With Juno her tresses may cope,
The pencil of Reynolds ne'er drew
A form so celestial as Pope.

Let the Prelate who hears my love's name
In religion's dark mysteries grope,
His indulgencies all I disclaim,
For indulgence to kiss Charlotte Pope.

Tho' her virtue should bid me despair,
Yet her kindness soft whispers me, hope;
And the Muse whispers louder, ne'er spare
Chaste endeavours to win lovely Pope.

See

See she comes like the Spring full of charms,
 To crown with possession my hope;
 Peace and plenty she brings to my arms,
 O my dear, my divine Charlotte Pope.

THE DOCTORS.

AIR—THE IRISH HUNT.

YE wives, ye widows and maidens rejoice,
 Proclaim a thanksgiving with heart and with voice;
 Since waters were waters, I dare boldly say,
 You ne'er had more cause for a thanksgiving day.
 For from London town there is lately come down
 Some able Physicians as ever wore gown;
 Their physic is pleasing, tho' their doses are large,
 And you may be cur'd without danger or charge.

No bolus, emetic, no purge nor no pill,
 Which sometimes does cure, but oftener does kill;
 Your taste or your palate need ne'er be displeas'd,
 I pray be advis'd, and buy one of these.
 They have a sweet drug which they call the close hug,
 'Twill mend your complexion and make you look
 smug;
 'Tis a sovereign balsam when closely apply'd,
 Tho' they probe to the heart yet the patient ne'er dies.

In the morning you need not be robb'd of your rest,
 For in your warm beds this physic works best:
 What tho' in the taking some stirring's requir'd,
 The motion's so pleasing you ne'er can be tir'd.
 On your backs you must lie, with your bodies rais'd
 high,
 And one of us Doctors must always be by,
 Who will be ready to cover you warm,
 For if you take cold our physic does harm.

But

But before our wise Doctors will give their direction,
 They always consider their patient's complexion;
 If she has a moist palm or a red head of hair,
 She'll require more physic than one man can spare.
 If she has a long nose, the Lord above knows
 How many large handfuls must go to a dose.
 Ye fair ones who have such ill symptoms as these,
 In honour and justice should pay double fees.

So now let us give to our Doctors due praise,
 Who to all sorts of females their favours convey:
 To the ugly in pity some skill should be shewn,
 As for the pretty they're cur'd for their own.
 On your silver and gold they will not lay hold,
 For what comes so freely they scorn should be sold.
 My brothers join with me and heartily pray,
 That the strength of our physic may never decay.

THE JUDICIOUS BACCHANAL.

WHILE the bottle to humour and social delight
 Has the smallest appearance to tend,
 Facetiously keep up the laugh of the night,
 And enliven the mind of a friend,
 My brave boys.

O let me enjoy it, ye bountiful powers,
 That my time may deliciously pass;
 And should care ever think to intrude on my hours,
 Knock the haggard strait down with a glass,
 My brave boys.

But if from a rational feast of the sense
 Should prudence be fatally stole,
 And folly debate, or contention commence,
 From too great an expansion of soul,
 My brave boys.

F

Should

Should the man I esteem, or the friend of my breast,
 In the *ivy* feel nought but the rod,
 Should I turn sweet religion to laughter or jest,
 And daringly sport with my God,
 My brave boys.

From my lips dash the poison, O merciful fate,
 Where the madness or blasphemy hung,
 And may every accent which virtue should hate
 Parch up my most infamous tongue,
 My brave boys.

From my sight let the curse be eternally driv'n,
 Where my reason unhappily stray'd,
 That no more I may offer an insult to Heav'n,
 Or give any man cause to upbraid,
 My brave boys.

A CONSTITUTIONAL SONG.

TUNE—TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

TO Satan in Hell, where he sat on his throne,
 A few rebels from Britain preferr'd their petition,
 That he for his friends would Republicans own,
 And proclaim them his favourite Sons of Sedition.
 For this was their aim,
 Wherever they came,
 To set all in confusion, the world in a flame;
 And they begg'd he'd instruct them how best to convey
 Wealth, glory, and freedom from Britain away.

My friends, Satan cries, you're all welcome to Hell,
 'Tis a jubilee here when the world is in trouble.
 Each demon rejoices when people rebel,
 But when a King bleeds their triumph is double.
 Hark

Hark how Paris does ring!

Ca Ira how they sing!

Like them dip your hands in the blood of your King.
Go join the Convention, you'll quickly convey
Wealth, glory, and freedom from Britain away.

Great Sir, they replied, we approve of your plan,
Each virtue we'll banish, each truth we'll disown;
With France, in her fury, well join hand in hand,
Hurl our God from his temples, our King from his
throne.

Then back let us fly

On transports of joy,

Till our friends Sans Culottes to help us draw nigh.
We'll join the Convention, we'll quickly convey
Wealth, glory, and freedom from Britain away.

Then Neptune rose up on Britannia's fair strand,
And declar'd to repulse them he'd readily join,
Whilst York and his heroes defeat them by land,
The conquest at sea shall be Hood's and be mine.

Then let them draw near,

It soon will appear

That Britons for ever are strangers to fear.
They'll soon trim those rascals, who hope to convey
Wealth, glory, and freedom from Britain away.

Stern justice cried out, your plan, my friends, alter,

Your arms never stain with so wretched a foe;

'Tis mine to dispatch them, then shewing a halter,

Cries, "inevitabilis restis," you know;

Then o'er each rebel's head

My halter I'll spread,

And my sons from their fury no mischief shall dread.
While a rope holds those rascals who strive to convey
Wealth, glory, and freedom from Britain away.

Then Britons arise, and without more delay

Let each loyal soul put his hand to his glass.

Here's the King, may God bless him! amen! boys
huzzal!

Huzza boys again! with three cheers let it pass.

Whilst thus we agree,

Let our song ever be,

May Britons be loyal, united and free;

May a rope hold each rascal who strives to convey
Wealth, glory, and freedom from Britain away.

THE DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

AIR—SWEET IF YOU LOVE ME.

SWEET if you love me smiling turn,
Smiling turn, smiling turn,
Sweet, &c.

Ah, let me take a thousand sips
From those dear balmy ruby lips,
And gently slip into thy —
Smiling turn, smiling turn,
And let me slip into thy favour.

Pray now give o'er, you court in vain,
Pray give o'er, pray give o'er,
Pray now, &c.

And yet so warm was every kiss,
An earnest of such future bliss,
I fear at last he'll —

Pray be gone—pray now stay,
I fear at last he'll gain my favour.

Thus let me press thee close, my dear,
Close, my dear, close, my dear,
Thus let me, &c.

Fie, now you make me blush, I swear,
Fie for shame, fie for shame,
Fie now, &c.

Ah do not frown upon me now,
I feel I'm growing kind I vow.

Since

Since you this kind embrace allow,
O dear, he has so mov'd me now.

O let me slip into thy —
I fear he'll slip into my —

Kiss, my dear,

Fie for shame,

And let me slip into thy favour.

I fear he'll slip into my favour.

THE INFLUENCE OF GOLD.

AIR—THE BONNY GREY-EYED MORN.

'TIS money that seduces all mankind,
For that we tempt the seas and brave the wind;
In city, court and country, that is the general cry,
There's none but will be sold, if you can buy.
The Parson sells you prayers, the Lawyer sells you
lies,
The Doctor sells you death, he's a fool that buys;
The pretty lady sells her magic ring,
The Statesman sells his country and his king.

THE PANDER.

AIR—TO THE HUNDREDS OF DRURY I WRITE.

YOUNG damsels were formerly won
By a pimp's application to mother,
But the Quality saving are grown,
One does the good office for t'other.
At ombre, basset and quadrille,
They care not what money they squander,
Yet tho' they disgorge the old pill,
They grumble at paying the pander.

WHAT WE LOVE.

AIR—THE GAMESTER.

I Had rather enjoy
A girl that is coy,
Than one who is easy persuaded ;
For though for a while
She scarcely will smile,
Yet at length her *fort* is invaded.

When then she's possess'd,
You doubly are bless'd,
Tho' from pleasure awhile you're confin'd ;
The heart is on fire
With ardent desire,
'Tis the joy of a lover refin'd.

The pleasure's not full,
But exceedingly dull,
When too willing a madam we find,
I'd have her first frown,
Her passion disown,
And begin by degrees to be kind.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY.

AIR—MOGGY LAUDER.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

There

There is no lady in the land
 Is half so sweet as Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
 And thro' the streets doth cry them;
 Her mother she sells laces long
 To such as please to buy them,
 Sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally,
 She, &c.

When she is by I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely;
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely.
 But let him bang his belly full,
 I'll bear it all for Sally,
 She, &c.

Of all the days are in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 The Saturday and Monday;
 For then I'm drest in all my best
 To walk abroad with Sally,
 She, &c.

My master makes me go to church,
 And often am I blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch
 As soon as text is named.
 I leave the church in sermon time,
 And slink away to Sally,
 She, &c.

When

When Christmas comes about again,
 O then I shall have money,
 I'll hoard it up and box it all,
 And give it to my honey.
 I would it were ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally,
 She is, &c.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And but for her I'd rather be
 A slave and row a galley.
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O then I'll marry Sally,
 O then we'll wed and then well bed,
 But not in our alley.

GOD SAVE THE KING,

WITH ADDITIONS.

GOD save great George our King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King.
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us.
 God save the King.

Some in this world there be
 Preaching equality
 To every one.
 May they see how absurd
 'Tis to apply that word,
 No mortal ever heard
 It could be done.

May the mischievous plans
 Of base Republicans
 Prove all in vain :
 May each behold his crime,
 May he repent in time,
 And from our King sublime
 Pardon obtain.

Whilst plenty here is found,
 May every voice around
 Gratefully sing.
 Let them both great and small
 Regard St. Peter's call*,
 And let us one and all
 Honour the King.

* 1 St. Peter, chap. ii. verse 17.

ONE WITH THE OTHER.

MY dearest Moll, come be not dull,
 But give me kind embraces,
 Thou shalt have rings and other things,
 Fine ribbons and rich laces ;
 If you'll consent to marry me,
 And let us do it over,
 With a tip of the lip and a wriggle of the hip,
 Take a little of the one with the other.

My dearest duck, come let me pluck
 The red rose of your virtue ;
 I swear I will not run you through,
 Or either will I hurt you ;
 But do as your own daddy did
 At the time he wed your mother,
 With a tip of the lip and a wriggle of the hip,
 Take a little of the one with the other.

I love

I love a girl, I must confess,
 To me she is better than cloathing,
 And when I get her on my knee
 A kiſs is next to nothing.
 With a little more drink, and a little more chink,
 And a little of the fits of the mother,
 We have no more to do, but we'll ſet too,
 Take a little of the one with the other.

I like a hawk, I like a hound,
 I like a handsome gelding;
 I love to fit and to chat a bit
 With a girl that's kind and willing;
 I love to fit and to chat a bit
 With a girl, as an own dear mother,
 To play with the ring, and the other little thing,
 Take a little of the one with the other.

THOUGHTS ON MAN.

GOD of our fathers, what is man,
 So proud, ſo vain, ſo great in ſtory?
 His fame a blaſt, his life a ſpan,
 A bubble at the height of glory.
 Oft he that's moſt exalted high
 Unſeemly falls in human eye.

10 JY60

F I N I S.

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
C ONSOLATION,	5
Amusements at Paris	6
Charlotte Dillon	8
The Flashy Blowing	11
The Unwelcome Visitor	14
The Mock Patriot	16
Duck and Apollo Blades	17
Modern Choice Spirits	19
The Scribes	20
Lucy Robinson	25
The Nuptial Night	26
Daughters of Harmony	27
The Weed	29
The Drunken Daughter	30
A Naval Song	31
The Farmer's Visit	32
To-morrow	33
Pads and Shoe Strings	34
Black Eyed Nan	35
The Lamentation of a Kiddy	36
Sons of the Drama	37
The Intrepid Mariner	38
The Influence of Love	39
Characters	40
A Pastoral	42
The Stratford Convivials	44
British Valour	45
The Fast	46
The High Minded Soldier	48
The Minister	49
Cerberus a Lawyer	51
Four Wives	52
No Priestcraft	53
The	53

CONTENTS.

The Accomplish'd Jew	34
The Adept	36
The Middlesex Militia	37
Charlotte Pope	39
The Doctors	60
The Judicious Bacchanal	61
A Constitutional Song	62
The Double Entendre	64
The Influence of Gold	65
The Pander	ditto
What We Love	66
Sally in the Alley	ditto
God Save the King	68
One with the other	69
Thoughts on Man	70

10-JY60

